It is kind of interesting to see what our parents will do if we should hold on to our poos for a while.

# ALL I WANT TO WRITE IS THIS

We all have our totem animals

*big dick real bad*

wet dreams occur

o pornŏ'grafee

Do you want to smell like "the absence of structure"?

Open the so-called body and spread out all its surfaces

Crackers is a sexual pervert. He likes to make love to women while stuffing live chickens between their legs. He does this mainly for the sake of Cotton, who watches through the window. At the sight of blood (Crackers slits the chickens' throats), she has an orgasm and faints from passion. Crackers gets off knowing that she is watching him.

. . Tear gas, Vietcong flags, fighting the "pigs": it all made me horny.'

EMPIRES 23 SEP

**Circumcise in private** with the Tara Klamp home circumcision kit. It includes a sterile tissue cutter,

it is unlawful for people to "assemble together riotously and tumultuously" to disturb our peace, and that if they "happen to be killed maimed or hurt in the dispersing" by police, the police "shall be free discharged and indemnified".

As an exercise, can you recall the last time you saw someone whose gender was ambiguous? Was this person attractive to you? And if you knew they called themselves neither a man nor a woman, what would it make you if you're attracted to that person? And if you were to kiss? Make love? What would you be?

our fluid, mad, exiled,

mutated, villainous, impossible,

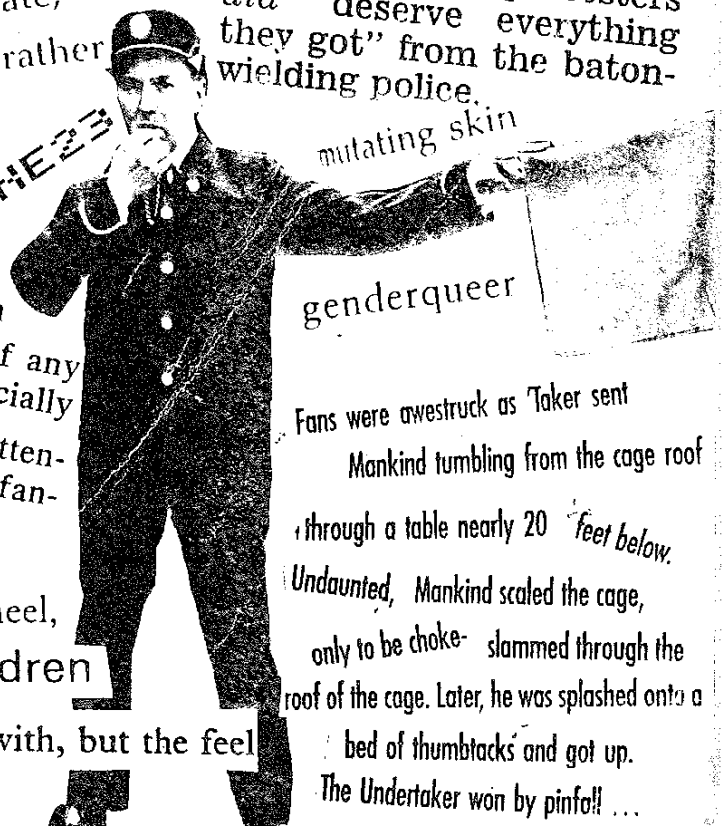
uncontainable, consumer-literate,

fashion accessible, sometimes rather

boring, and yes, very,

very queer, lives

STEVE Bracks was right the first time. The S11 protesters *did* "deserve everything they got" from the baton-wielding police.




5. obscene: obsee'n

"Pornography"[7] is the describing, by *any* means, of any sexual matter in a distorted or depraved way, and especially if this is done with the deliberate intention to fasten attention unduly on sexual concerns and stimulate sexual fantasies.

unclassifiable curiosity,

pubic fur

**TAKE YOUR PENIS TO THE GYM**

nipples, nails, hard transparent skin under the heel,

Sex education for lower primary children

Fans were awestruck as Taker sent Mankind tumbling from the cage roof through a table nearly 20 *feet below.* *Undaunted,* Mankind scaled the cage, only to be choke- slammed through the roof of the cage. Later, he was splashed onto a bed of thumbtacks and got up. The Undertaker won by pinfall ...

It isn't only the smell of poos you have to put up with, but the feel of it in your pants

"That's not culture," he explains. "That's art."

## It Doesn't Matter What Your Name Is

"Could art ever be useful? Ever since the desert glitter drifted over the burnt-out ruins of Plaster Lagoon thousands of artists have dreamed of such a thing..."

— Jack Smith

"As we look around, it is clear that we have given so much up that we have forgotten that we even had the right to ask for things that previous generations demanded without qualm, like the utter transformation of the conditions of our existence."

— Nayland Blake

"To write is poverty and captivity if it is not wreckage upon the impossible, because the impossible is not a margin, a fissure, a border-zone, but an immensity compares to which the possible shrivels to the edge of nothing.

— Nick Land

"If I could figure out a way to remain forever in transition, in the disconnected and unfamiliar, I could remain in a state of perpetual freedom."

— David Wojnarowicz

"What other reason is there for writing than to be a traitor to one's own reign, traitor to one's sex, to one's class, to one's majority? And to be traitor to writing."

— Gilles Deleuze and Claire Parnet

"Only those who attempt the impossible will achieve the absurd."

— The Association of Autonomous Astronauts

"It gets so hard just to be okay. Sometimes being happy, baby, is what I'm most afraid of."

— Bikini Kill

Hello, my lovelies,

I have been very sad lately; there have been a lot of sad things in my life. I've probably cried more in the last three weeks than in the three years before them. Some of the reasons are in this zine, others aren't, and there are others you don't get to know about anyway. But don't worry, it isn't *all* sad. This isn't an angst zine and I didn't listen to any embarrassingly gloomy goth-type bands while compiling it. Oh, all right, maybe The Birthday Party one time, but only 'cause it was the only tape in the car.

Anyway. It might not seem like it, but this zine is more or less entirely about S11, the recent protests against the World Economic Forum meeting in Melbourne. Most of the writing was done over the last year or more. But S11 brought into focus ranges of possibility and kinds of emotions I hadn't felt before: everything seemed more intense and I learned a lot over those three days. One of the things I learnt or came to understand was the ways some bits of writing I'd done wanted to come together: the result is this zine. (I've tried to explain this somewhat with the quotes I used to start this off. I don't know how to explain it any better so I hope you understand, at least a little.) So, I want to say as clearly as possible that this zine isn't just something I've done, it is the product of collective action and belongs to everyone who took part in S11.

So this zine is probably more obviously political than most of my others. I know that means some people won't want to read it, and that's fine with me. If I'd have to explain to you why you should be interested in ideas and making things different, you're not the kind of person I want reading my zine. I don't want to hear how this is old or tired or just a zine cliché or how the way things are is just how they are and there's no point arguing or I'm preaching to the converted or I'm too simplistic or whatever. The fact that something's impossible is no reason not to do it, quite the opposite, in fact. So if all this doesn't interest you, please pass it on to somebody who might be interested or leave it in a train or a doctor's waiting room. And then just fuck off.

I thought this was going to be a pretty short introduction, which is why I started with so many quotes. Then I realised I actually had quite a lot I wanted to say, and then I realised I didn't know how to say it. But I guess I said it anyway. What can I say? I love you all! Sodomy and solidarity,

Shane.

## Something

I wanna say something but sometimes the thing you wanna say wants not to be said. I wanna say something but sometimes the thing you wanna say wants not to be said. I wanna say something but sometimes the thing you wanna say wants not to be said. I wanna tell a story there is every reason in the world not to tell. I wanna tell you this thing called the truth but every time I try to write it down I find myself spinning into ever more elabourate defensive procrastinations and not saying what's important. Which is this:

When I was 15 I met a boy named Brian who was sweetly violent and some seductive incarnation of bogan grace and glee. He had floppy red hair and even more freckles than me. He had great eyes that were more alive than almost anyone else I've ever met. I've always been a sucker for nice eyes and his burnt through you with restlessness and excitement few people could match. It was exhausting to watch them. They looked like letterboxes shattering in the dark, violations of suburban mediocrity and calm the importance of which you could never put into words. His eyes.

He taught me to kiss and suck cock and be touched and I guess you'd have to say I fell in love with him. I don't know if he felt the same way. We certainly didn't say anything like that to each other. It's not like we were faggots or anything.

A year later he died in a car accident and I fell apart not only because he was gone, but because I was too deep in the closet to talk to anybody about it. So I could communicate something of my sense of loss, feeling like I'd go crazy otherwise, I started telling people my cousin had died. It helped a little, but not as much as alcohol.

He was an amazing person. I wish I could tell you more about him but I guess really we didn't know that much about each other. He was goofy and cool and sweet and if he was alive he'd be the cutest faggot in Commercial Road by now, and everybody would love him and want to fuck him or just talk to him. Shit. I think I really did love him a lot.

Around this time I was regularly visiting a friendly middle-aged man Brian has introduced me to who'd pay boys twenty bucks a time to let him suck your dick. When that and shoplifting weren't enough to keep me in booze, I

got up the courage to ask if he knew anybody else I could get money from. He tells me about a guy who'll give me what seems like a ton of money to fuck me in the arse.

So I talked to this guy and insist I'll only do it if he uses a condom, so I guess I still had something vaguely resembling self-esteem. By this time I'd tried to kill myself twice, although realistically I hadn't tried that hard. I was finding it harder and harder to cope with the world and it scared the shit out of me that none of the people who were supposed to care about me noticed or, if they noticed, cared.

I got to his house and straight away he seemed weird but I mean, big surprise there, the pedophile seems weird. His fingers were thick and lumpy with lots of dirt under the nails.

He punched my arm painfully until it hurt and I asked him to stop. He kept punching me and punched harder as I tried to defend myself. I couldn't figure out if this was some sort of game although I guess I knew it wasn't. I knew something bad was happening or going to happen so I started yelling and he hit me in the gut hard enough to double me up. He knocked me down. He kept hitting and kicking me. I was crying and begging him to stop and promising to do anything he wanted. He didn't say anything. Then I realised he was only hitting my torso and legs. I was grateful 'cause it meant I wouldn't have to explain the bruises to anyone. I mean: *I was grateful because it meant nobody would help me*. Finally he just bent me over and fucked me and I screamed as much as I could despite not being able to breathe properly and crying insanely and said, no, please, over and over again while he told me to shut up. It felt like he was tearing me in half.

I think mostly I didn't care about the pain; I was just sad.

Afterwards he gave me the money and told me to get dressed and go. I was in so much physical and emotional pain it took me forever to get home, not wanting anybody to know what had happened. I wasn't under any illusions about what would happen to a teenage faggot who got beaten up by some guy he'd agreed to let fuck him for money.

# September 2000

SEMESTER 2 WEEK 9

| August | | | | | | |
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| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 |
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| September | | | | | | |
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| October | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
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| 30 | 31 | | | | | 1 |
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| 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 |
| 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 |

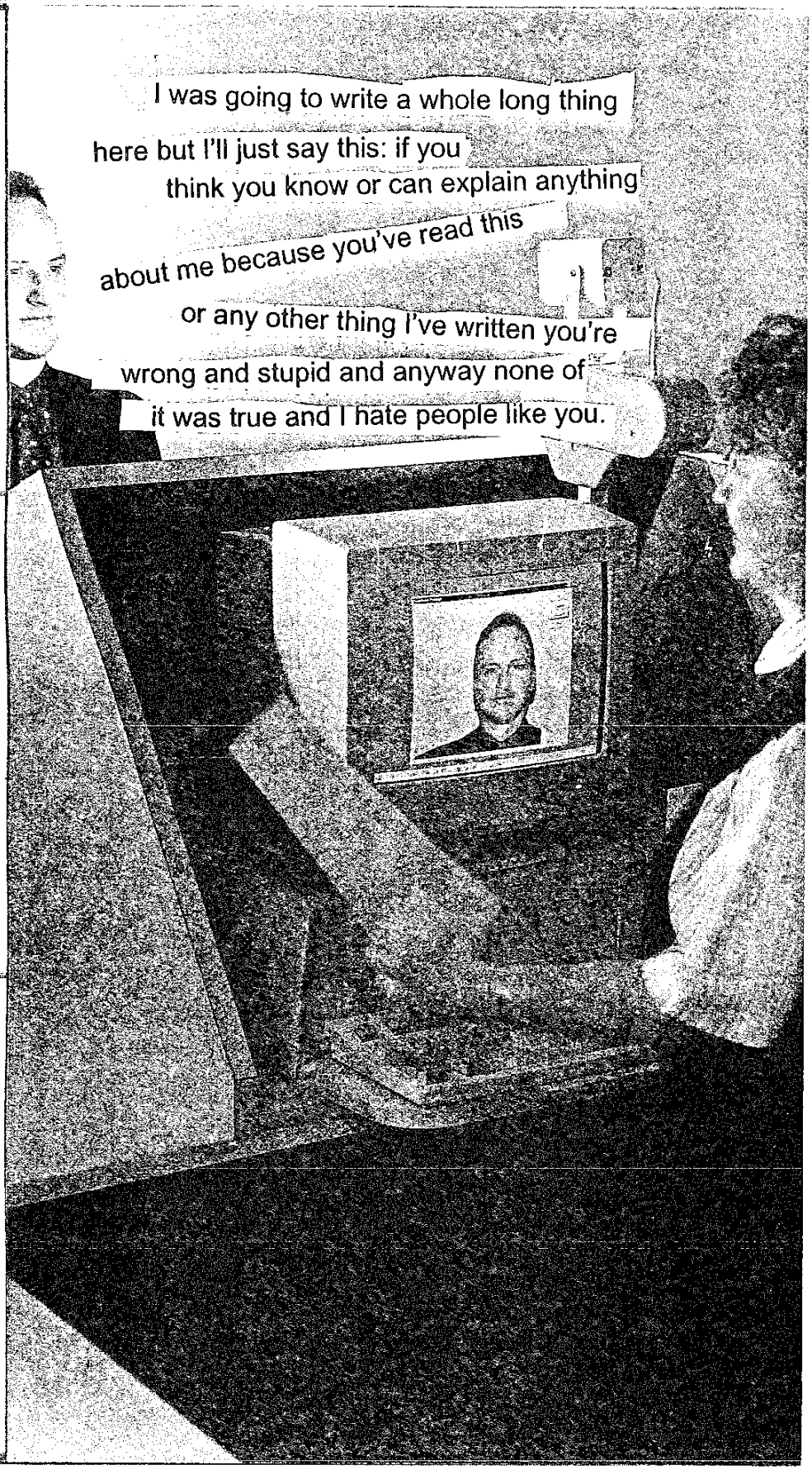
## 11 Monday

## 12 Tuesday

Confirmation of enrolment & HECS advice form forwarded

Mid Autumn Festival (Hong Kong)

## 13 Wednesday


I was going to write a whole long thing here but I'll just say this: if you think you know or can explain anything about me because you've read this or any other thing I've written you're wrong and stupid and anyway none of it was true and I hate people like you.

FPV

Got a personal sex worry?
Confidential telephone counselling advice at Family Planning Victoria,
901 Whitehorse Road, Box Hill or 277 Flinders Lane, Melbourne.

## Sexual Politics

I wish I was Missus Howard so I could get to shag John.
With a libidinal powerhouse like him, the sex'd just go on and on.
Oh take me in the House of Representatives, bend me over the Speaker's chair,
And push that pulsing, Liberal Party cock right up my derriere,
Oh yeah.

## The Tyrannical Baron Scrofulous

The Baron awakens and like every other morning begins toying with his enormous throbbing horsecock. Androgynous adolescent amateur wrestlers swarm around him in their uniform of silvery G-strings and baby oil, eager for a taste of the Baron's famous meat piston with it's lashings of delicious pre-come. Before long the Baron is tumescent and roughly grabs the nearest available wrestler, spearing it on his engorged member and slamming his big bouncy balls against the wrestler's perineum. This wrestler wails excitedly while it's fellow servants jealously scowl as the Baron ignores them and mercilessly plunges his mighty mutton dagger into his chosen wrestler's orifices. I should tell you this is all that ever happens in this story, this sort of silly sex stuff, so you might as well leave if that isn't of interest to you even though there is some intellectual content. For instance, do you realise Donald Duck is made out of the anuses of 7000 dead homosexuals? That's how cheap human life is now and nobody even cares. 7000 dead homosexuals and you can rent a Donald Duck movie for a fucking dollar. That's terrible. And you know you see the old faggots in the street with their arseholes missing, and they're dribbling alcoholics, and they're always mumbling, "Can you spare a dollar, Walt Disney stole my anus, the bourgeoisie stole my anus." In fact Walt Disney has stolen all of our anuses. And Donald Duck is made out of anuses which is why he's always so cranky, and also explains his speech impediment 'cause it's very hard to talk when you're made out of anuses, I should know. And as for the Baron, the Baron is living in the ruins of a world because the world has been destroyed. I mean, it's underwater. And we're mostly all swimming or drowning in the wet dreams of bureaucrats and whoever else, you know, judges, Herald-Sun journalists, oh evil capitalists, no-good morons whose miserable penises actually popped right off their degenerate bodies leaving them with the female genitals they were so afraid of and the world was spontaneously flooded with their sweet womanly juices. It was a very moist apocalypse and very, you know, as far as apocalypses go it was a very good one but still a tragedy, of course, I mean Frankston is just ruins now. And the reason for this apocalypse was that it was absolutely urgent to do something, anything, whatever, so long as it was dramatic and funky and beautiful, to get out of the murderous dullness of the same old plastic thoughts which reduce everything that's sensitive, passionate or otherwise actually fully ALIVE into dirty withered up patriarchal faggots like you people. Obviously this is a fictional story, but this part is completely true.

Anyway the Baron is approaching climax in a tidal wave froth of sexual juices as the jealous mutterings of the wrestlers grow louder. The Baron starts talking dirty at the top of his voice to drown out the murmurings: "Oh baby, that's it, take my rigid rock lobster of pleasure deep inside your electric sandwich-maker of love, oh, oh, ooh..."

Just then one of the jealous wrestlers clutches it's bloated fat stomach and starts screaming in agony but the Baron is figuring it just wants attention and so continues his lustful thrustings. So just as the Baron blows hot globs of liquid DNA into the wrestler's receptive orifice, and the force of his orgasm causes him to squeeze out a thick burst of goopy diarrhea turds, moist brown blobs that mix into the apocalyptic fluids we are floating in, flavouring them with tinges of the Baron's dinner from last night and the more general smell of Baronshit, causing us wrestlers to swarm around his rapidly puckering anus in the hope we'll be blessed with a faceful of delicious sloppy fudge brownies, and those not close or aggressive enough to get at the butthole just swim around happily in the wet mooshy murk sucking it into their every available orifice, whatever those might be because we all love to be dirty and wet (and obviously this is a fictional story, but this part is completely true), 'causing us all to masturbate ferociously and incidentally as a revolutionary Marxist I would like to point out that the word "wanker" is only considered an insult because masturbation threatens the hegemony of capitalist relations; the dominant class knows that if workers achieve autonomy in the libidinal realm, this can only lead to a properly political liberation of productive forces. But it is also true that the word "wanker" is only considered an insult because everyone is against me, they hate me for prodding my small, shriveled up organs until they spew creamy anticapitalist love juice in fact my semen is not really semen my testicles were stolen when I was born by God who replaced them with miniature coffee machines so my sex juice is boiling hot meaning I can't never have sex with anybody except myself – that is the meaning of communism – sex is dirty and after the revolution there will be no sex under any circumstances. I have a very big stick that I'll hit you people with to make sure you don't do any of that nasty sex stuff. No, not that kind of "big stick", you have a dirty mind. You I'll hit right now. Ouch, ouch, I am hitting your head and it is hurting. Then I feel bad because I know this is why I am persecuted, why everybody persecutes me because I always hit them in the head so I will cook you some special bread and tell you I am sorry and

tenderly feed the bread into your cute little mouth. Please don't hate me, I know you all do but please don't. We are all comrades here. And the special bread is so yummy. And meanwhile the amniotic ooshy wooshiness of swimming in filthy scat oceans drives us all into an erotic frenzy of genitals in mouth and mouths in genitals and other things it would quite frankly be impolite to mention, and just as all this is happening, this other wrestler pops a little mangled wad of babyflesh and afterbirth etc. onto the stony floor. We all crowd around the dirty bloody pool of newborn slop in stunned silence until one of us says:

"Is it, you know... alive?"

And then there is a long, awkward silence till just as one brave wrestler opens its mouth to talk, the baby starts screaming its demented little head off. So the wrestlers present this little bundle swathed in a blanket of hastily shed G-strings to the Baron as he lies in a puddle of post-coital relaxation. Now the Baron is of course a supernaturally handsome young man with an imperial mustache and excellent teeth so when he sees his progeny he's immediately distressed because the baby's deformed, it must be from all the radiation or something. Anyway its body, well, it isn't really a body. It's more of a moccasin, actually, a little placenta encrusted black moccasin filled with delicious spaghetti bolognaise, and it seems to have two anuses in addition to seven penises and an indeterminate number of vaginas. But most of all its face, oh boy, if ever there was a face only a mother could love this was it. Its bloodshot eyeballs flopped around on exposed little optic nerves and instead of a mouth it had sharp little teeth poking out here and there, extruding through its cheeks and nose and forehead. And when it feeds its whole face opens like a flower, skin and muscle and mucus membrane rippling back like a banana peel to reveal in the middle of its head a brain just the size and shape of a good-sized mushroom. And this mushroom opens into four parts and folds back to reveal a slurping peristaltic passageway down into whatever stands in for bowels in a creature such as this.

So this baby might be ugly but he's very, very smart. He can already talk and as he looks up at the Baron the first thing he says is, "Now listen, bitch. From now on you are going to be my sex slave, and will obey my every order, no matter how painful or degrading, immediately. First of all you will at all times wear this lacy bra and panties to show everyone what a

slutty little sissy you are." Well the Baron, the wrestlers are laughing at his humiliation and this is all the Baron has ever wanted and even though he's just come he's immediately erect again but so ashamed of his secret desires, so intensely humiliated by the obviousness of his unspeakable cravings, his head bursts into flame, his eyeballs bursting from the heat spattering red hot optic fluid all over his extra-sensitive post-coital member and his facial flesh melts into patterns not unlike Mandelbrot sets, weird fractal burns as the fire gets so hot his bone turns to ash and what doesn't turn to ash literally explodes, zinging across the room and taking out the eyes of sundry wrestlers who hop around clutching their wounds as they giggle at the silly sissy slut Baron who is now dead, dead and cross-dressed, dead of humiliation because he was ashamed of his desires, and his rotten festering corpse is on fire. Obviously this is a fictional story but this part is completely true but it's fictional, I wouldn't want you to think I'm glamorising violence. Violence is never the answer. I'm not joking, I'm completely serious, I wouldn't want anyone to think I'm glamorising violence.

weppes
OZ BOTTLES

## The One Time I Did Scat

It starts like this: I'm on my knees in a toilet doorway, slobbering over an uncut cock and staring up quasi-adoringly at its owner. His name is Bill, probably forty-something, gruff-looking; thick beard, pot belly, hair that's clearly not on intimate terms with shampoo and conditioner. I like dirty hair, and not just on heads, and uncut cocks as well, so Bill is looking pretty good, at least from this angle. He seems quite taken with my head, freshly shaven but still rough with stubble, and I'm quite taken with his head, which swells in my mouth and trembles happily as I play with the slit. I use my tongue to smear his pre-come around and close my lips over the tip of his dick, suck at it and take it deeper into my mouth, run my lips back and forth over the crown. Looking up at his eyes, I'm loving it. His cock is a many-splendoured thing. I'm utterly digging the feel of it sliding against the roof of my mouth and his little shudders as I tighten my lips over the ridge at the base of the head. And when I like it so much I can't stand it anymore, and with both of us panting and hard and hot for it, I let his cock out of my mouth and say,

"Please, sir, will you piss on me."

His eyes light up, and I'm sure mine do too. He drags me deeper into the toilets and lets loose, a thick stream of piss flying from the tip of his hard cock, tracing a tight arc through the air and splashing all over me as I open my mouth to catch what I can, loving the taste, loving the feel of it, hot and wet and dirty. I'm pumping my cock as he pisses and the piss makes my hand slide so smoothly I know I'll come soon, and lots, and meanwhile somebody is running his hands over Bill's tits from behind, kissing his back and sucking the skin into his mouth to knead between his teeth. I'm writhing on the floor with my cock in my hand, reveling in the feeling of being watched. Of being an object.

As soon as Bill's stream dies down I pull myself upright, lunge at his crotch and close my mouth around his cock. I come almost as soon as my lips touch his dick, so warm and fleshy and sensitive, his head tipping back suddenly and somebody pushing his tongue into Bill's mouth, them kissing as I come, grinding my hips, working to maintain the motion of my lips on his shaft, lapping up those last drops of piss, syrupy with pre-come. My mouth melts around his cock. When I was a kid I believed you should never

have sex with anybody unless you loved them which seems pretty stupid in retrospect but tonight it doesn't matter because tonight, I. Am. In. Love. And fuck anyone who thinks that love has to last, 'cause I've loved men for periods measured in minutes, whirlwind romances of lubricant and lust. I loved them, and if you think I mean anything less than true fucking love, like in the storybooks, or at least like the storybooks should be, you're wrong. And Bill, God, I'm so fucking in love with Bill it hurts, and the fact of having his cock in my mouth, of his pleasure, of seeing him like it, makes me happier than I can describe. Everything feels impossible. Time starts to break apart; the strobic beat of the house music in the background separates everything into individual moments, 180 a minute, and in each of those disarticulated moments I fall for him all over again.

He hollers as he comes and I hold it in my mouth, swishing it around with as much delicacy and consideration and a much bigger smile than any wine taster ever did. I go to work on his friend and Bill's kissing me, kissing him, stroking and sucking us both; and there are other people, too, the crowd gets bigger and the play gets rougher and more intense, violent, *hot*. Squeezing and pinching and biting. Starting to hurt, starting to ache and blur, crazily overstimulated. Rippling away in the power and pitch of some smooth, dyspeptic burning, two cocks in my mouth till I can't stand it, my hands cruising the textures of torsos and thighs until I feel my self fading into the urgency of some or other new intersection of flesh, some or other new combination of bodies, until all I am is a swarm of sensation with this dick in my mouth the absolute fucking centre of the universe.

And there's more piss, and more come, and lots of it.

Things slow down, men come and go. I find Bill again and he sits down beside me, holds me, and we lay there hugging and snogging and jerking each other off and hey, even talking. He tells me a little about himself and the details fill out around whatever fiction I'd put together to explain him, and I still totally love him and will until one of us leaves. Every now and then the men come in and piss on us and we push our faces together under their streams, licking the fresh, hot piss off each other's cheeks and lips, drinking it out of each other's mouth, sucking it out of his beard and off his nipples and chest and stomach and thighs. I don't know how many guys piss on us but it's a lot, relatively at least. It's certainly more men than have

pissed on most people. Probably hours go by like that and I'm proud to say they're some of the happiest of my life.

Eventually Bill asks me if I'm into scat. Normally I'd say no but by now I've come I don't know how many time and am still absolutely, inexorably turned on and I'm so fucking in love with this guy. And sometimes your cock just says yes to something, and your better judgments and inhibitions and whatever else can all go to hell. So I smile shyly and tell him I've never done it before but if he's into it, I want to do it more than anything.

He smiles and we kiss some more, lips aggressively synchronised to the movements of each other's mouths. He says, like, *are you sure*? Yes, I'm sure, I'm fucking sure, and we're all over each other again, the play of flesh, and the smoothness of freshly pissed-on skin and the sting of I guess you'd call it nappy rash and feeling starts to stretch out at some right angle through time so he's touching me on surfaces there aren't words for and which don't exist. I'm grunting and writhing lost to this whatever blurring across the space between us; it's a thin line and I'm woven around it like fairy floss; he's squatting over me while I stretch back to expose as much of myself as I can, and I'm burning with eagerness and abjection, the thrill of disgust, the heat and shame and whatever other emotions I can't tell apart anymore.

He's got one of those arseholes you can tell has been around the block a few times. The shit slides out nice and smooth and hits my gut with a wet noise. I arch my back, push up into it and with one hand I'm rubbing it around my chest while I wank with the other. I switch hands and the shit is all over my cock, all over me, everywhere, and he shoots out another big, fat turd. I feel about a millimeter thick, nothing but surfaces, and my cock is so tired from all the times I've come I can barely feel it but the thrill and the smell and texture of the shit I'm smearing over it is bringing it back to something like as hard as it gets. Have I ever been lower than this? I love it so much when I'm less than a person.

Bill's face is close. He's kissing me, rubbing the shit in, tweaking my nipples as I try to take his cock in my mouth. He keeps it out of reach. And if your brain is 80% water as I've sometimes heard mine is on the boil. Or maybe all that water is transmuting into something weird and sweet and hallucinogenic and my skull is opening out to the bubbling sweep of

thoughts dissolving into the space they pass through before they get turned into language. And when he's done there's a quiet, "Is this okay?" and a not so quiet, "Yes", and he pushes his arse into my face and I lick hard and deep. I work my tongue into his arsehole as he smears the shit all over me and we both pump our cocks and I fucking hell, I love having a body and the mad things you can do with it and I love feeling a body lose itself in the urgencies of pleasure. We're both coming. And I love it when other people come.

We pretty much both collapse on the floor after that, and hold each other, and kiss. I laugh and mention a trick who complained about my breath after I sucked his cock one time. After a long rest we both get up and head to the showers. It's probably not surprising how fast a fag will get out of the shower when two men covered with shit get in, but that doesn't make it any less funny.

I still see Bill occasionally, just, you know, around. We don't talk or fuck, just smile happily to each other. I sometimes think of him as my Eiffel Tower man, as in Bogart at the end of Casablanca, "We'll always have Paris." He can have Paris. Bill and me have the floor of a public toilet and a puddle of piss, and I'll never want anything more.

## Cancer: Incoherent Rantings

As I write, we're waiting to find out if my mum has breast cancer. She goes to the specialist on Tuesday. Obviously I'm pretty scared and devastated about it, not least because a few days ago, before I knew anything about her potential diagnosis, I read an essay by Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick about how horribly inadequate the existing treatments for breast cancer are. Everyone should read this essay – you can find it on the web at http://www.duke.edu/~sedgwic/WRITING/CANCER.htm. The combination of reading this and finding out about my mum has made me angry for lots of reasons that aren't necessarily easy to talk about – I wish I had time to write something more substantial and thought-out and reasoned about it all, but if I want to get this zine out for Newcastle that just isn't possible. (And I'm not sure if I do want to get it out in time. On the one hand, I don't want to do it just to be one of the cool zine kids at Newie. On the other hand, I want to be one of the cool zine kids at Newie.) But also it seems like a lot of this zine is about thinking through anger and other intense emotions and trying to make them make sense. So I think it's good to have at least one thing that is just mindless angry rantings.

So, first: angry at the Universe. See, this is a bit of a tangent but I want to talk about S11. Obviously it was *very* fucking stressful and traumatic for everyone involved. For a few days afterwards things went my way and I couldn't help thinking and even saying, out loud, which is quite embarrassing for somebody as anti-hippie as me, that I felt like I had accumulated a lot of good karma over it. The universe owed me, and it was paying off. To then find out my mum might have cancer shattered all my cosmic illusions and thrust me back deep into the belief that the universe is somewhere between indifferent and malicious. I am angry at whatever powers decide these things even though I don't believe in them. I wish there was a God, so I could punch him in the face (which wouldn't be as impossible as it sounds, since according to the Catholics communion wafer is literally the flesh of Jesus. Although – cheap shot coming up – I have *issues* about going down on my knees in front of a priest.)

Second: angry at – what? – the politics of it? Angry that there isn't a culture of activism surrounding breast cancer in the way there is about AIDS, even though it is just as surely a political disease. Angry at the gay men whose activism extends no further than their ability to fuck each other "safely". Angry at a social structure where economics make such health-based activism overwhelmingly more difficult for lesbians (research suggests lesbians may have as much as three times the risk of breast cancer of other women, which is already unbelievably fucking common at one-in-eight) than for gay men who are, let's face it, a bunch of boring fucking clones who could barely get it together to wear condoms to save their lives. I might be a fag, I might fuck fags sometimes, but that doesn't mean I have to like them.

Angry, also, of course, at the power structure where women's diseases (and gay ones) are considered unimportant, research into them underfunded. Angry at heterosexual communities for not committing themselves to the struggle against AIDS in the first place, for not thinking queers dying is a fucking outrage. This is probably getting incoherent 'cause I'm starting to cry. I'm angry at wankers in AIDS day red ribbons and the fact that the closest we get to activism around breast cancer is the fucking fashion industry pumping out T-shirts we can wear to show how fucking concerned we are. Angry at pharmaceutical corporations who actively prevent news about possible new treatments spreading so they can preserve their monopolies and patents. Angry at companies like Zeneca, who produce tamoxifen, a drug used by many women with breast cancer. They're also one of the major sponsors of National Breast Cancer Awareness Month in the US. Oh, they're fucking philanthropists, aren't they? But Zeneca is part of a conglomerate called Imperial Chemical Industries who – can't you guess? – produce and sell and invent new carcinogenic chemicals. *They give us cancer and then sell us the drugs to treat it.* I hate it when people make all their political points by quoting punk bands but what's that Chumbawamba lyric? "They break our legs, and we say thank-you when they offer us crutches." How fucking literal does that have to get before things start changing?

Angry at a whole fucking society that's about being straight and white and male and rich and if you're not you might as well be dead, and will be dead if *they* have any say in the matter. Angry at every fucking polluting testicle-shitting bastard cappo corporation pumping out fatal chemicals into our

environment. Angry at red meat and petrochemicals and blah blah blah. Angry at dykes for not organising more effectively around this issue. And I'm not proud of that; I know it's a fucked up thing to think and I'm angry at myself for thinking it. But I'm scared and miserable and (der) angry and I can't necessarily control how that works itself out. Angry at the logic that says it *should* be dykes who organise around dyke issues. Angry that fags haven't helped them. Angry that straight people haven't. Angry that *I* haven't. Just fucking angry. Crazy-angry.

I want to tear out my hair and peel away my skin, rip out my organs and grind my skeleton to dust, dance into mutilation and carnage, want to burn out all the limits of this body because it only has so much capacity for rage and I've nearly reached it: I can feel the tension, the stretch and warp of my flesh as it tries to accommodate this desire for violence and destruction and newness. It sucks only being a person. I find myself seduced by defiance and monstrosity into positions of self-destructive glee. There's a certain comfort in some kinds of falling apart, especially if you can find away to take some of *them* with you. And I am working at it, fuck yes, I am slowly and carefully working out how to take some of them with me and even if it's only in my imagination there are plenty of CEOs and plenty of politicians and plenty of fucking journalists who I'm going to have words with. Oh yes, words. And I haven't worked out exactly what those words will be yet but don't be surprised if I expand some vocabularies, don't be surprised if certain monkey-sucking weasels are asking around trying to find out what "felch-faced donkey munger" means. And don't be surprised if I decide in the course of one such conversation that actions speak louder than words.

I've got big feet, but they're not so big they won't fit up certain lousy arseholes if I push hard enough.

Urethra
Corpora Cavernosa
Penis
Glans Penis
Prepuce
Testicle

## Fuck For The Revolution: Pornography

Not to state the obvious or anything, but I like pornography. I like to read it and I like to make it, and not just the obvious physical fact of the writing: that feeling that starts between your thighs and swallows all the evasions between you and your cravings. It's sex. It's your skin alive and swarming with lust and Want. It's the ways your body opens onto the pleasure and risk of fantasy or some hot stranger.

Fuck literature and all sterile sentences. I want to infect all of life and art and politics with the perversity that's already lurking just under the surface. Since those things are more or less about desire, I want to push those desires in all directions, multiply and radicalise them. And porn is one way I try to do that. Like GB Jones once said, *it's time to fetishise the revolutionary.* With the gooey urgency of typographical lust. As it soaks into that line between thought and groin, engraves itself across all your tender surfaces with the heat and intensity of a fresh wound. It writes itself on you, as you, until you are nothing but the words, your body made of words or maybe words made of your body. This consuming, corporeal transliteration that burns and demands, simply: Write.

*There's nothing more urgent than this fusion of words. You're reading with one hand, burying the other in the creamy imperatives of words and flesh. Uh uh uh oh yes oh God. The rough, messy rawness of bodies presses itself into the seams of the text and* the power of porn isn't that it's about sex *because sex defies any effort to commodify it into some neat arrangement of nouns and verbs* the power of porn is that the author feels it – snatches of vicarious heat – obsessive intensities transmitted down word-lines, across the gestures of masturbating readers – is it powerful enough, will it fill you up and swallow you? *Letting yourself go in the fact or myth of somebody else's desire. Which is therefore i) a legitimation of your own desires, ii) fucking* hot, *iii) a radical act in the face of the boring moralisms propping up hypocritical, imaginary hetero-normality.*

I mean, our culture is totally phobically negative about our bodies and the things we could do with them. And that becomes part of us, because our bodies aren't just made of flesh and bone but also the socially-imposed ideas we're stuck inside of: how parts can fit together, how genders relate

to body parts and identities, what counts as beautiful or ugly. It all seems natural, but what does natural mean? In Victoria, there is a legal definition of a vagina. It's so badly worded that everybody reading this has a vagina according to Victorian law, although you might lose it if you pop across the border to New South Wales. But if bodies are supposed to be natural, why are there laws and institutions to regulate them and say what's what? You know there isn't a legal definition of the Law of Gravity; you can't get beaten up on the street because somebody thinks you're not respecting it enough.

So the most "natural" parts of us are really controlled and created by society. Body parts are separated from each other and ranked into hierarchies. Heads and brains and faces at the top. Cocks rate over cunts and both get jammed both at the top and bottom of the hierarchy, mixtures of power and shame. Other parts float indeterminately at the whims of advertising executives, etc. We're divided into erogenous zones – what the fuck is that? What body parts aren't "erogenous" in the right circumstances? I don't have erogenous zones, I have the potential to enjoy lots of different kinds of feelings in all different places. Similarly, the government's new Non Violent Pornography legislation forbids depictions of sex acts involving "non-sexual body parts" – could somebody please tell me who gets to decide what is a sexual or non-sexual body part? Is there a list? A chart with ticks and crosses? Are genitals the only sexual body parts, or does it include mouths, arseholes, thighs, hands, chests, necks, feet? Does it make a difference whether the people fucking are straight or gay or lesbian or transsexual or otherwise? I have never felt any part of my body is "nonsexual" and I DO NOT WANT THE IMAGES I CAN SEE REGULATED BY WHICH PARTS OF THEIR UGLY, SHRIVELLED-UP LITTLE BODIES POLITICIANS CONSIDER "SEXUAL".

And all this is very, very political because the kinds of bodies we have effect the ways we slot into (or refuse to or can't fit into) the economy. And ultimately, capitalist bodies aren't just boring and limited and relatively sexless, they're exploitative and murderous for the people at the bottom of the system. Changing society means changing the ways people experience their bodies. And not necessarily for the better. So it seems to me that it's important for people, especially people who are interested in politics and radical change or just living a more interesting and free-er life, to think about bodies and what we can do with them. We know that a lot of commercial porn is created under extremely exploitative working conditions,

and by people whose outlooks are intensely racist, sexist and homophobic. Why would you leave it to people like that to create and circulate desires? Isn't it better to actively try to create more and more new ways to feel pleasure *ourselves*? And that doesn't just mean sexually, but it definitely doesn't exclude sex.

So when I write about scat, for example, I feel I am performing a public service. I'm telling people about ways to experience pleasure they may not know about. I'm not saying they should go out and shit on somebody, but that they should take the knowledge that this is one way to fuck that works powerfully for some of us, and use that awareness to expand their sense of what's possible. I want to convey to people that there are many forms of sexuality and they don't need to base their sex lives entirely on their genitals or any ideas about what is good, proper or normal.

To me, making porn is one of the ways we can experiment with bodies and pleasure and find out new ways to connect them. It's about bringing together imagination and skin to open up new possibilities for the ways we can live. Not being obsessed with orgasms or cocks or cunts but not pretending those things aren't important. Being creative, experimental and perverse in the ways we live and write. And coming, and coming, and coming.

Let's face it, perversion is subversion. Wankers of the world, unite.

# ALL I WANT TO WRITE IS THIS:
# Extracts from my diary, Sept 8 to present.
# S11 and after.

NATIONAL BUS COMPANY BULLETIN.

DUE TO MELBOURNE CITY COUNCIL TRAFFIC MANAGEMENT WORKS BEING CONDUCTED IN QUEENSBRIDGE STREET FROM MONDAY 11TH UNTIL WEDNESDAY 13TH OF SEPTEMBER, ROUTES 250, 251 AND 253 WILL BE DIVERTED....

NATIONAL BUS COMPANY APOLOGISES FOR ANY INCONVENIENCE.

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It's Friday. I skip class to go to a nonviolent direct action workshop and one of the first things we do is get into small groups to talk about our fears for the action and how to deal with them. "I'm afraid I'm going to get hurt and I'm really scared that my friends will get hurt," I say. The next guy in the circle says he's worried the socialists will derail the blockade since all they really want is to sell papers, then somebody's scared the mainstream media will misrepresent what we're about. Nobody else admits they're actually *scared* except as an afterthought to some absurd burst of leftist machismo. I tell myself they're being dishonest but maybe I'm just not ready and they really are the hard-arse revolutionaries they want to look like. 'Cause I'm scared enough that tears aren't that far away (hoping nobody notices the quaver in my voice) and their appearance of fearlessness makes me withdraw into myself, not wanting to engage. It's stupidly daunting. But one of the cucumber-cool activists says something that stays with me: "You have to find your clarity." He's going to keep blockading till they put him in jail, that's his clarity. I don't have a clarity except that my biggest fear is Az getting hurt.

And I'm swinging so fast between angst and excitement I don't know what's what. In my head I have circular conversations about what I should do and whether I should do it that don't decide anything but make me progressively more anxious. I feel like I'm gearing up for a battle that can't possibly achieve or change anything and I might as well go home and get some sleep before I get any more exhausted or emotionally drained or physically

hurt, That I should just go to school and act like it's any other week. I just want to run horne with my tail between my legs.

Everything's crazy. Energy cycles round and I'm back into it. The workshops are (feel like a stupid hippie writing this) inspiring and make me think it will or at least could all work out; my paranoia subsides to wait till I spend some time alone, trapped with My Thoughts so it can wrap itself around them and bear down hard and make me want to run away – I always try to run away. From everything that scares me. And everything scares me. I'm a coward and – this is stupid – that makes me feel brave, 'cause us cowards are working harder than brave people to do what we do. I mean, what does it matter if you're fearless? You're not overcoming anything. But there's cowardly solidarity, cowardly pride. There's every reason to be scared and if anything's amazing it's that scared as we are, through this whole time we find ways to be happy and excited and energised and have weird, cool sex and look after each other. It's incredible to walk down the street alone and be able to start talking to someone you've never met just because you've recognised them as a uh comrade and suddenly you're making friends and hugging each other for strength and luck. Everything feels important, like some David Lynch giant has appeared to solemnly announce "It Is Happening", and it's true, I can feel it, *it*, this thing we are doing so tangible and cool and we're having spokescouncil in a dark, dirty indoor carpark, pigeons flapping around our ears: revolutionary-stylish, we're the French resistance with better clothes. We're melting down the future in our hands and using it to grease up certain insurrectionary orifices.

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Everyone's up at 4:30. If we didn't hate the WEF before, we sure as fuck do now.

I'm maybe 8 hours parked on my arse in front of a little gate after little sleep last night, me and Az pretty badly worked up, tired, lots of tears and incommunicable resentments and fears that I try to channel into the rage I need to find my clarity; it's not working and anyway it's been not much food and not enough clothes to keep out the cold and rain. But we hold firm with plenty of singing and Paul, one of the Leonard St. billets, turns out to be an excellent songwriter and I don't remember much but part of a chorus we're

all singing before too long: *We can safely leave the violence in the hands of the police, and go and make some music in the forests and the streets.* For days I won't be able to stop the voices in my head singing this and every other song, even the annoying ones; hearing out of tune Farnsey choruses over and over *oh whoa oh-oh, oh-oh-oh-oh, oh whoa oh-oh, oh-oh-oh-oh, oh-oh-oh*; or else *we're dancing on the ruins of multinational corporations* or *solidarity forever* or *hold that line* until I realise/get so delusional I think "You're the Voice" is actually a pretty good song, catchy, fuck yeah.

Anyway, it's weirdly fun to sit there with community and hot chips. Finally Az tells me she wants us to go to the Healing Tent and lay down for a bit. That pisses me off, since she's the one who insisted yesterday we couldn't look after each other and would have to take care of ourselves, and now here she is dragging me away from the blockade I've committed to maintaining. But I do need the sleep. After a little nap the full exhaustion falls in on me and I know I can't do it anymore; been up since 4:30 didn't get to bed till 1 and haven't slept properly in ages. I can feel the tiredness all across my body, my muscles heavy and slow, sandpaper inside my eyelids. The best thing is just to go home, rest up, get ready for tomorrow.

So like I say, I've spent the whole day in the one spot, not wandering to take it all in like most people. And maybe it's just the exhaustion, but something amazing seems to have happened: the imaginary city I've always wanted to live in has suddenly manifested itself in the general abject stylishness of it all and the weird haircuts and dancing and the crazy chalk and other graffiti, messages of insurgent absurdism. CHANT DOWN BABYLON. Even the architecture seems to have changed, shifted, transmogrified; even the concrete is on our side. There's a famous May '68 slogan that no doubt somebody paints up somewhere around Crown this week that goes, *beneath the pavement, the beach*, but right now I can see past the pavement, and there is something much better than a beach waiting for us there. A new city for a different way of life. We're ripping through a social fabric that both is and hides the banality of exploitation and violence and instead, we are weaving a tapestry of dynamic intensities and flows of mutant cool. It's an unbelievable feeling, like we're erasing the word "impossible" from the dictionary.

Later. Losing it. Insane massive crying bursts, anger, hysteria on Az's bed. Not enough sleep and whatever emotions are always already bursting. Finally crazy. I guess this is what they call burn-out: all my edges evaporating, defences down, unbearably present to and in everything. I want to take my face off and wish there was somewhere to go, some adjunct of space-time where I could do, think or be something other than S11. Me and Az have some ridiculous argument about pizza that has both of us or at least me in tears. And not just tears but delirious, breathless, incoherent, child-like sobbing tears. The first real argument we've ever had.

On the train to Leah's, can't stay at Leonard St. anymore, constantly on the brink of tears and breakdown. Don't know if I can deal, if I will deal with tomorrow. I know I'm rambling. I can't even remember the last time I was doing something not related to S11. Why can't I save the world on the afternoon shift? There's a need for space but there's a need to be part of things and they're ripping into each other until I can't process the simplest thought without tracking it through shame and paranoia and a sense of utter uselessness. I'm losing any sense of purpose in the fear that I won't be strong enough to follow it through. Sleep, yes, I remember sleep, a wonderful invention indeed... Paranoia is a symptom of sleep deprivation and I become uh momentarily convinced the drunk bogans across the aisle are undercover cops X-raying my backpack with secret surveillance technologies. But they're just drunk. The bloke turns to the woman and slurs, "I reckon you're the best person I've ever come across. I mean, a sheila, like." I try not to laugh.

At the station I pass two cops and in my mind I'm already punching them in some improbable martial arts serendipity of fists; in my mind they're already hitting the ground and the euphoria is tangible because these fuckers are causing all, count them, all of my problems. The thought hits me so fast there's a moment between imagination and consciousness when I can't tell if it's a fantasy or not and it's barely an instant but it's filled with more dread and exhilaration than some people's lives.

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It feels good when I get to Leah's and say I've been at S11 and people don't really know what I'm talking about. It feels good to be alone in Leah's room, to occupy a space by myself. It feels good to dawdle and have a few

moments not devoted to S11. It feels good to sleep in. In that weird vocabulary we've adopted this week where seven hours counts as sleeping in.

So when I get up at eight I already feel guilty but glad it wasn't earlier. I'm still emotionally fragile and fucked up but coping somewhat, yesterday's histrionics in some sort of perspective. Now I'm just on the verge of tears, not on the verge of complete emotional collapse. I quickly suppress the thought that maybe I should stay here and relax a little; there'll be plenty of time to relax on the train to the city. Which isn't as packed with uh comrades as yesterday but some cute teen Resistance fodder is easy to spot in his red rags and badges. I think about talking to him but really, who wants to talk to a trot teen first thing in the morning? This is my time to relax. Of course, before long I am cataloguing my fears again. What if something has happened and I wasn't there? What if my friends have been arrested or hurt? These are the more rational fears but there's a strange panic lurking under them is harder to process: a fear that my own personal inadequacy is now somehow a social phenomena, part of other people's lives. I don't know what to do except push forward harder and faster and eat up the gaps where the breakdowns happen, or just collapse. Don't stop. Don't acknowledge the fear. Find your clarity.

Off at Flinders St. and on the bridge over the Yarra I run into someone I kind of know; she's not looking so good and she tells me the police attacked and hospitalised people this morning. I rush off to see if my friends are okay and run into Alex and he tells me Az got hammered by the cops. So I'm trying to find her in the crowds and barricades but it seems to be taking forever and I'm trying not to burst into tears (again) and even though Alex specifically said she was okay I'm pretty fucking panicked and desperate and guilty and finally I find her buried in layers of NLA stencils and we have a big and I do mean big fucking hug. Melting into angry relief. I must look pretty shaky since a wandering medic offers us a shot of water laced with rescue remedy. We go and sit down to wait for some friends, scribbling in our respective notebooks.

Now, I've only been beaten up by the cops once. I was twenty. It was dark and since I was lying on my back the pigs seemed enormous, their glinting eyes off somewhere in an immense distance. I've never been sure if they were smiling or not and that's always something I've wondered; did they do

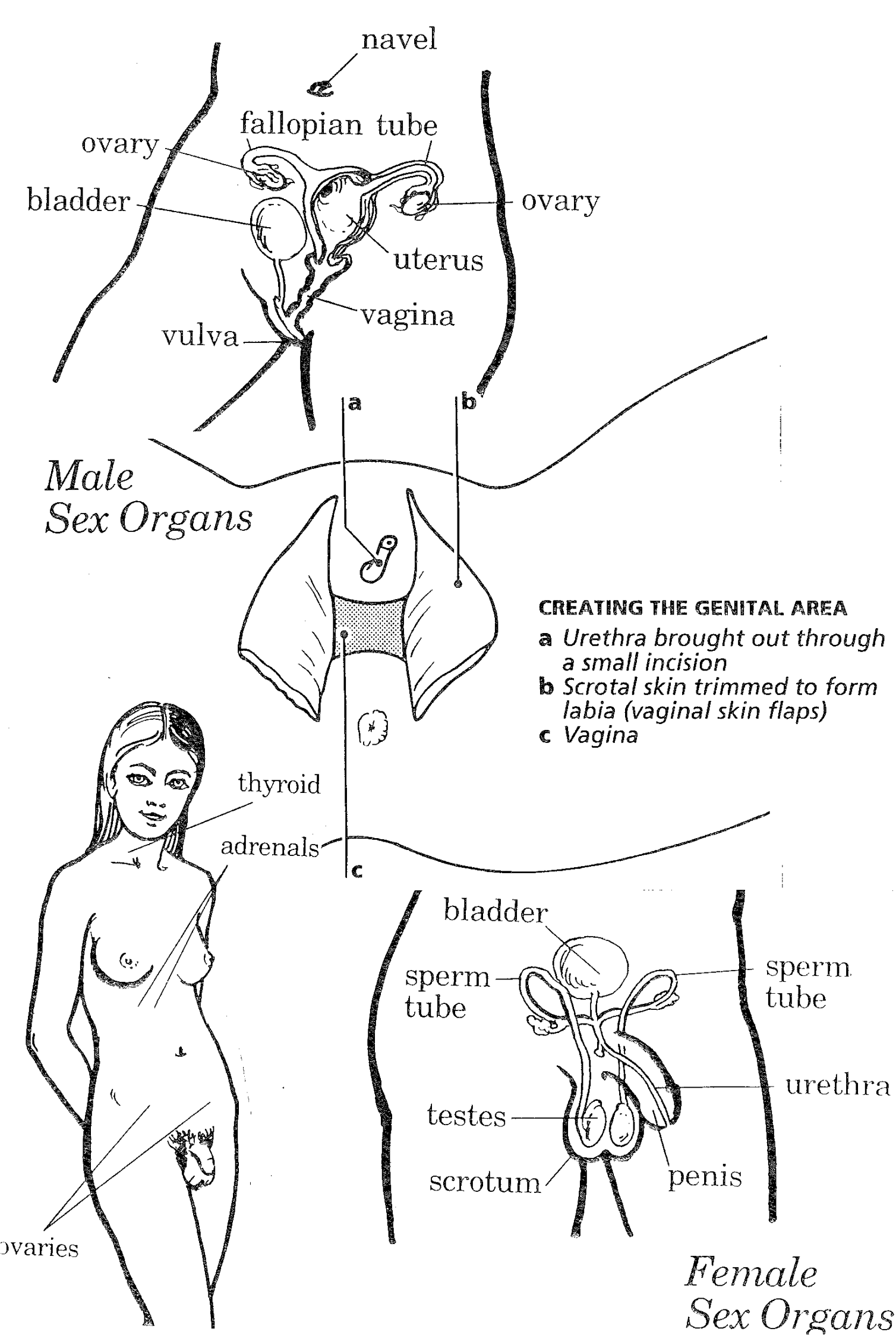
it 'cause they enjoyed it or was it just part of the job? It doesn't matter. I couldn't breathe. Weird lights flickered behind my eyes like hammers and my ribs felt like they were bursting every time the cops hit me. When they let me go they told me if they saw me again they'd beat me even worse; it was a half hour walk home and I spent the entire time in an intense state of fucking panic, convinced I would end up in a hospital before I ever got there. However, I got there.

I wasn't surprised that they beat me up. That summer it was open season in Frankston; it seemed like everybody I knew had the shit kicked out of them by the cops. If anything, I was surprised it had taken them so long to get to me.

They used their phone book trick. One held me down and laid a phone book on my gut while the other guy hit it with his baton. Then they swapped. They do that because even though it hurts like fuck, it doesn't leave any pesky marks or evidence so there's no possible way you'll ever bust them for it. I don't know if they actually teach them that in the police academy, but obviously this stuff circulates through cops shops everywhere with the tacit approval of the police hierarchy.

That's okay. I mean: it's fucked, but I can accept it. Cops are fucking stupid and mean and they like to hurt people. I might hate it, but I have no problem understanding it. What I can't make myself understand, though, is that cops would attack harmless, defenceless people because those people were sitting somewhere that was inconvenient to a bunch of foreign millionaires. What is that? It doesn't make any fucking sense. Trying to think about it makes my brain run off in a dozen different directions, screaming incoherently. I can't begin to comprehend the priorities you'd have to have to decide to attack the protesters, or to carry out that order. Or maybe I could, but don't want to or won't let myself.

I think I have always assumed that the world is the way it is because the people who run it are basically ignorant and lacking in compassion, but what I realise now is that actually they're actively malicious and cruel. They take pride in causing pain and victimising the helpless. When Steve Bracks says the protesters deserved everything they got, it's clearer than clear that he genuinely believes that anybody who disrupts the smooth running of business in this state deserves to be *hurt*. And there's nothing special about




## *Male Sex Organs*

**CREATING THE GENITAL AREA**

**a** *Urethra brought out through a small incision*
**b** *Scrotal skin trimmed to form labia (vaginal skin flaps)*
**c** *Vagina*

## *Female Sex Organs*

Steve Bracks except maybe his especially ugly fucking face. They're all like that, bosses and cops and politicians. That's not just rhetoric and only idiots think it is.

Az seems okay, not okay but coping. I feel way too fucked up about it to stay here but at the same time there's no way I'm leaving her alone and I really want to fuck shit up in the worst possible way. The police are walking past us and the hatred is so solid and physical it makes me nauseous. I don't know how it's even biologically possible not to hate pigs.

I've never been this angry. I didn't know you could be. I imagine myself contorting into positions of inelegant rage, arms and legs jutting at weird angles, making myself monstrous. How do people deal with this? I decide to go back to Leah's 'cause I'm way too fucked up to do anything but get people hurt and I feel bad 'cause that's exactly what the pigs wanted. But it's the only thing I can do. I'm more or less crying and obviously have been and it scares me that nobody on this train is making the remotest effort to find out what's wrong. Everything I ever hoped for is fucked, nothing.

I want to break things.

Stop at an army disposal store on the way back to Leah's, feeling very conspicuous as I buy a balaclava. On the radio: "...praised police and condemned protesters..." My head snaps around so fast every person in that shop looks at me and *knows* why I want that balaclava. I feel like those few words on the radio add up to the clarity I have been looking for; those words say more than anyone or anything about what's what. I feel like certain facts about how the world is run and in whose interests are now hard-wired into my nervous system. There is a thin grey film separating me from the world, a layer of lies and banalities I am now viscerally, physically apart from, and the concrete and power lines and shopfronts retreat into the background as the force of the world comes out to meet me. *This* is the imaginary world, the one we're tricked into living in, this blur of fake sameness. The real world is what happens when you punch a hole in the fake one, and you luxuriate in the openness of the space you've created. Sex and drugs and dancing and new ideas and love and revolution. Those moments and hours and days we steal from the dead time we live in are (for me) the only things that make life worth living but almost impossible to

talk about because our language is so cheap and corrupt. You know what I mean.

So I head home trying not to burst into tears, thinking, at least wait until you get inside. And when I do get back to Leah's and find nobody home I just curl up fetally on the couch and cry like some drug-crazed soap star. Anger, guilt, remorse. Finally, making myself calm, I think: Okay. The thing I was most afraid of has happened. Right now I need to regroup but tomorrow I'll be *ready*. I think. It suddenly occurs to me the forever I've been awake is really only four hours and I have a little burst of hysterical laughter trying to reconcile those facts.

I spend the day sweeping the channels for any news report which of course I know will be absolute bullshit but what else can I do? I get more and more worried about Az and the others and spend hours sobbing hysterically on and off and eventually go to sleep for a while. When I wake up I feel much more together, like I've now had an amount of sleep that vaguely resembles what I actually need. When I turn on the 5 o'clock news and see that they're expecting more trouble as the police try to get the delegates out at seven, I'm out the door and back to Crown.

I'm still afraid I'm not strong enough to do this. But if now isn't the time to get back on the horse, I don't know when will be.

So I spend over an hour in a blockade face to face with rows of pigs with batons out and no name badges, riot cops, attack dogs, horses, motorbikes, etc. It's a huge calculated effort to scare us and make us back down but we hold that line. The boring trot chants turn into unselfconscious pleas for the police not to hurt us. "We're nonviolent, what about you?" "The world is watching. Your mum is watching." "Please don't hurt us. Please don't hurt us. Please don't hurt us." The cops don't appear to have any emotional response to this whatsoever and maintain their intimidating inhuman facelessness. Stupidly, improbably, I am actually not scared. I think I've spent so much of the last 24 hours in a state of abject fear and terror I've burnt out those emotions and can only stay calm in the expectation that at any moment those pigs will start attacking us. I'm ready for it and will do whatever I can to help my uh comrades. In fact, right now, I could almost use the word "comrades" without embarrassment or irony.

But they don't attack us. They break one of the other gates, targeting the young men in the blockade so as to break our morale, on the (untrue, deeply stupid) assumption that young men are the strongest and toughest of us; they grab peoples' heads and slam them against the concrete. None of them are wearing their ID badges. Don't anybody try to tell me pigs aren't despicable.

But... I feel sorta bad about this but I feel amazing. I don't think I'm being too presumptuous if I say, we feel amazing. That's what S11 is about, to me. We find a way to tear through the dishonest screens between us and the world and we somehow manage to hold that tear open for three days, even though many of us are falling apart, falling apart partly *because* we're touching this intensity that can't survive the world we live in. And all this inseparable from the risks we are taking. There is a certain crazy equation we are in the process of formulating which revolves around terms like risk, identity, joy and revolution: impossible, yes, but wonderful just the same. Or wonderful because impossible. Or wonderful *equals* impossible. A mad audacity that carries you through into kinds of creativity and excitement you can't describe. Or at least that's how it is for me.

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S11 is over. Yesterday I felt like I wouldn't be able to talk to people who weren't there because there was such an incredible disjunction between our lives; I'd wander round like a crazed Vietnam vet, ranting, "You wouldn't know BECAUSE YOU WEREN'T THERE." Today I can feel myself going back towards whatever we call "normality". And I need that, but I don't think I want it. I've spent three days hopped up on adrenaline, sleep deprivation and solidarity, feeling some of the most intense emotions of my life. I don't want to have to go back to the real world.

I find myself bursting into tears at those moments which seem to separate me from the last few days. When I pass Crown on the train and see the traffic passing casually through those streets we fought so hard to hold, I'm overwhelmed with depression and panic. The same thing the next day when I empty out my backpack, loaded with blockading supplies and revolutionary paraphernalia, to fill it with the things I need for school. On the bus I get totally panicked by the crowd and unable to relate to the way we're occupying space, dense but not defensive. It doesn't seem right.

A week later I'm doing fine; S11 is just memories now. Then I realise that's bullshit. I take a break from working on this article to go get tea and while I'm sitting in the shop I realise I am absolutely fucking terrified, can't stand to be alone, desperately need other people around me if I'm going to feel okay. Driving home I try not to cry and when I get inside my dinner goes cold waiting for me to pull myself together. I wish I hadn't given all my stuffed toys to charity years ago; I could use Panda right about now. I feel hysterically lonely and miserable. It isn't fair. None of it's fucking fair. The only thing that relieves the feeling of despair is to try to channel it into anger or at least distract myself by working on the zine, working out my sadness in words. As long as I can keep typing run-on sentences, mad ungrammatical rants, schizoid pornography, I can keep my distance from the emotional shitheap I'm so close to collapsing in to. Maybe that explains why this story is so fucking long.

I start having nightmares, one after the other all through the night. I don't remember many of them except the general unbearable sense of impending doom that runs through them. In one I'm blockading a small room inside Crown with a dozen or so senior citizens when the cops bring out some scary thing called a bootsuit to attack us with; people are badly hurt and everything collapses into a blur of absurd acts of violence. In another I'm trying to read aloud a very, very important passage from a book but somebody, I think maybe Eve, tells me nobody can understand what I'm saying. I realise my tongue is falling apart inside my mouth. My vocal cords are disintegrating. I don't know how to make anybody understand the things I need to say.

I feel guilty about the trouble I'm having coping because I didn't get hurt; like I don't have the right to feel bad because others copped so much worse. I know that's stupid. On the other hand, I'm proud of it all because these are my (our) battle scars; the tears and nightmares are the markers of something we did that was fucking amazing and heroic and powerful. We stood up to the cops, to the government, to the most powerful institutions in the world in the face of exhaustion and cold and rain and misery and in spite of all that, we found our victories and exhilarations. We danced. I wouldn't swap it for anything. I just wish I could make us all okay again.

## Know Your Role And Shut Your Mouth

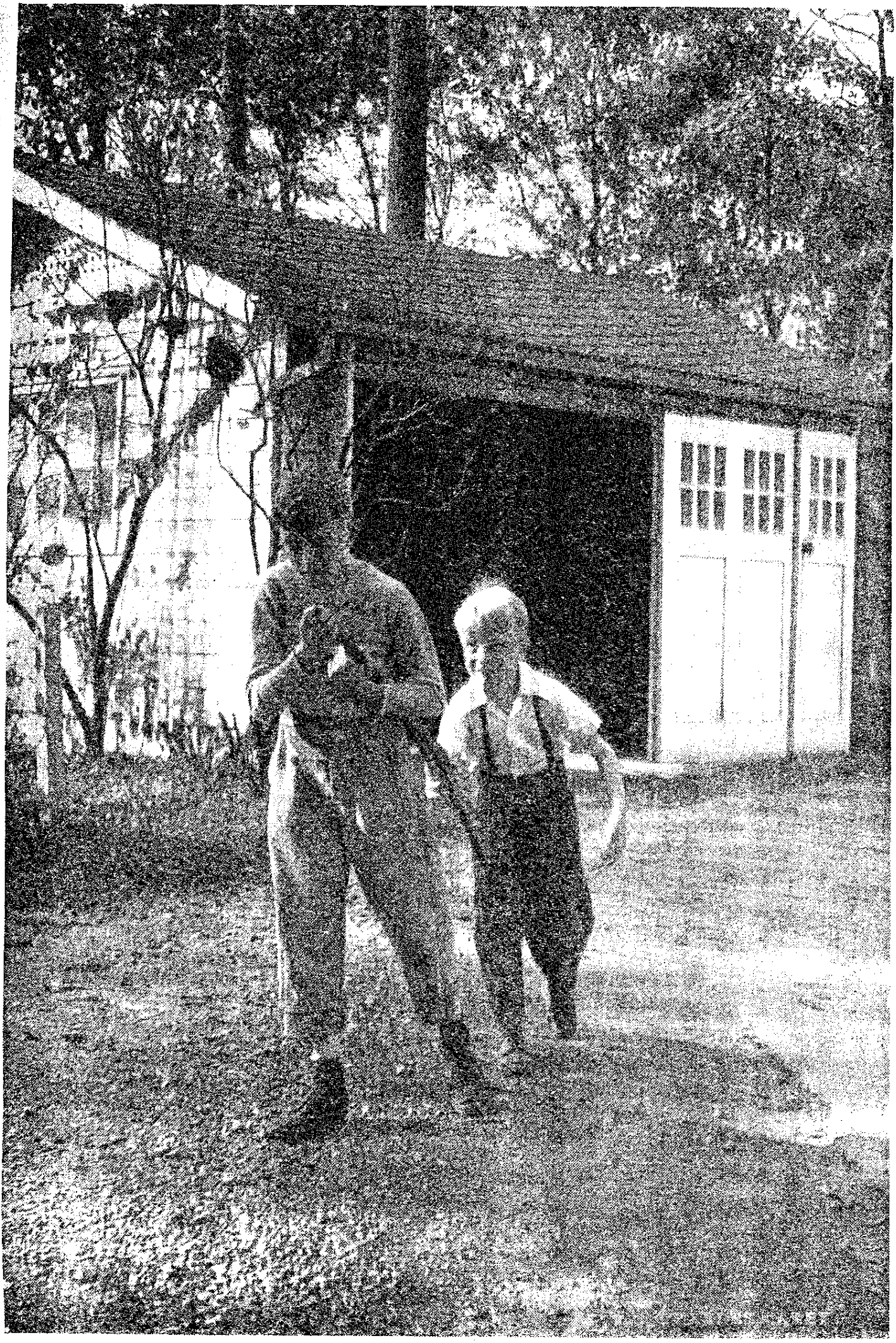
So, that's it. Hope you enjoyed it. Hope the good bits outweighed the sad. Hope the sad bits were more than self-indulgent whinings. I think it's important to own and admit our sadnesses, rather than pretend to be tough and cool all the time. Besides, everybody knows I'm not cool, although I'm uncool in a cool way, if I do say so myself.

I would love to hear from you and talk about stuff or whatever. Send proper mail to PO Box 7115 Karingal Centre VIC 3199, or email jesuspaghetti@yahoo.com.

"WITH NO CASH I CONSEQUENTLY TRASH" (Huggy Bear): Essential listening while putting this one together included (obviously) (to some of you, at least) Huggy Bear's *Long Distance Lovers* 7"; Pulp, Kelis ("I hate you so much right now!" – fuck yeah) and Handsome Boy Modeling School from Napster (and how fucking funny was it hearing some joker from Metallica complaining that Napster were treating their music like a commodity?); Groove Armada's *Back to Mine*; Team Dresch's 2nd LP (forget the name, but it's brilliant - "queer sex is great, it's fun as shit, don't worry jesus is dead, and god don't exist" - "is it because my hair's parted on the wrong side, or because I'm a flaming SM rubber dyke" - how could you not love that?); Free Kitten; *Romeo Must Die* and *Haitspray* soundtracks; *FSUK3* Bentley Rhythm Ace mix CDs; an old Psy-Harmonix comp; and, of course, John Farnham's *Whispering Jack*.

"ALL THE GUYS AND GIRLS FUTURE AND PAST WHO GIVE CHAOS REASON AND DELIGHT" (David Wojnarowicz): Immeasurable thanks and love to Aizura, for Everything, for making life more bearable and less predictable and for being amazing. And for one of the titles in here. All the S11 kids, without whom this zine would not exist (you can decide for yourself whether that would be a good thing), for being so inspiring and brave, especially everyone I linked up with and those most stylish affinity groups, the NLA, the black bloc and the Valley Girls. And whoever graffitied "All I want to write is this" on the casino wall, for being cool and giving me a title. All my friends, for being brilliant and lovable – you know who you are. And especially Leah and Jess and the Leonard St. irregulars for putting me up/putting up with me over S11. And even though I hate it when people name check their favourite authors in a thanks list, David Wojnarowicz, Sue Golding, Jack Smith, Judith "Jack" Halberstam, Kathy Acker, and William Haver: for teaching me about kinds of creativity, in life and art, that you can't even think about in the language of the dominant culture.

And Brian Hale, RIP. This is for you.



Little brother, creeping up behind, and always eager for mischief, pulled the trigger.